

De La Soul Lyrics

"With Me"

[Intro/Chorus: sung]

Dance with me, come on dance - with me baby
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[x2]

[Dove]

How you gon' tell me to mind my own biz
when you lookin like somethin I need to know about?
I used to go about it the wrong way, tuggin your arm when you'd pass
But I see you got class besides all that
Yeah I'm picky in my own way too
While the rest of these fools is lookin to screw your brains out
I bling'd[?] out don't[?] wanna stand froze
Practicin my hello's, hey lady, how you doin
Renewin these vows is like fifty steps beyond from here
Shit I don't even know your name yet (word)
Ain't sure what your character contains yet
But damn lady, you could be my Valentine
Cupid got his infrared on my chest clocked
Let the rest flock, they just birds anyway
I grow my confidence in words the Henny way - yeah, buy me a drink
so we can sink into that thought path..

[Chorus]

[Pos]

Now you know you ain't right, eyein me up all night
despite the fact some kid is runnin chitta-chat in your ear
How the hell we get here, with me over here, and you over there
when we can make, such an obvious pair?
Why miss? Have you misread my shyness for conceit?
I'm peepin how you move it to the pace of the beat
Got my eyes on wide as they constantly collide with yours
Your heavenly body rushin the tide to shore
Your heavenly body rushin these guys to the floor
to find pleasure in your double digit design,
but these clowns look hurt
And as a woman's ex-nigga I'm a woman ex-pert
Understandin how the ovaries and all that shit work
Extremely dreamy, my eyes you look surprised
that I'm movin closer - don't be, I'm supposed to D.C.
Are you for real or a tease?

[Dove]

Now let that drink set in sweet, we up close and personal
Ain't nuttin dull about this, sharp like Swiss precision

(Caught you watch-in) my every move from the door
Teran escortin us to V.I.P., we live in D.C.
Shoestring dress I wanna fuck and make your hair look a mess
Suckin the straw huh? You know the head game
First place chick girl I'm all about winnin too
I want my trophy life-sized in a see through

[Pos]

This ain't your average, whippin your batterage
drivin song that probably isn't your type
So I type it long with that ink that won't budge
or smudge off your memory; courtesy of SkyTel
My mail, pop up like some bubbles found on VH-1
Also need the math to your color pH-1
Not the old man in the club who needs his dub to get rubbed
but sound the buzzer, I'm comin to sub

[Chorus x1.25]